Volume LX CHICAGO, JANUARY 23, 1908 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

WANTED—A MAN

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan;
"End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Give us a man of God's own mould,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen;
Give us the man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
Give us a rallying cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and countermarch our brave,
Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
And swamp-grass covers each nameless grave;
Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye is Disaster's shameful van;
Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and rave,—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Hearts are mourning in the North,
While the sister rivers seek the main,
Red with our life-blood flowing forth—
Who shall gather it up again?
Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
Shall all our offering be in vain?
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

"Is there never one in all the land,
One on whose might the Cause may lean?
Are all the common ones so grand,
And all the titled ones so mean?
What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread from bran,
From worthless metal a weapon keen?
Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN!

"O, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
O, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far;
Ours to battle, as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War!
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!"

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

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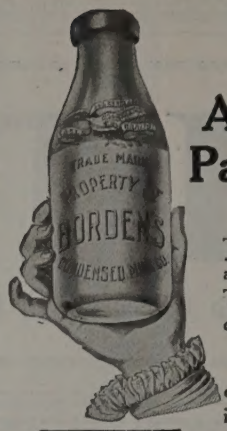

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ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX | THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908 | NUMBER 21

Happiness is through helpfulness. Every morning let us build a booth to shelter some one from life's fierce heat. Every noon let us dig some life-spring for thirsty lips. Every night let us be food for the hungry, and shelter for the cold and naked.

—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

Truly, death comes with slippered feet. The silent messenger ministers to the tired children of men so gently that in the hurry and noise of what we call "Life" his sacred tourch oft goes unnoticed. Such was the visitation that took our friend and co-laborer, Walter L. Sheldon, lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society of St. Louis, out of our working ranks. The interruptions of the vacation interfered with the regular routine of the editorial office, hence the omission of a notice of his death which occurred in the closing days of last June. But it is never too late to call the name of a good man or to remember the knightly services of such a valiant champion of truth as Mr. Sheldon, so we are glad to make space in another column for the memorial words by his associates, Mr. Salter of Chicago and Mr. Weston of Philadelphia.

Sharlot M. Hall in the January *Out West* has told the truth concerning the great "burden of the southwest," the grewsome facts concerning the battle that is being waged with the great white plague out in the desert. The facts which we vaguely hinted at in our last week's editorial are here made definite, vivid, by one who knows. This article ought to be pamphleted by the national government and a copy of it laid on the table of every practicing physician throughout the nation. And then, quite aside and beyond present activities and instrumentalities, the public should take hold of the great problem on its own account, recognizing the fact that "climate" is one element in the problem, and in the battle all elements should be utilized. We hope that at the approaching tuberculosis congress to be held in Washington, Miss Hall's suggestions will receive due consideration.

A reader of UNITY hands us a clipping for an editorial note. It is concerning the fireman who, high up on the ladder is checked by the flame and smoke on his way to rescue a child. A voice in the crowd below cried, "Cheer him! Cheer him!" Up went the shout of the multitude and through flame and smoke went the fireman, seized the child, and brought it safely to its mother's arms. We accept the other editor's comment as our own: "No matter what worthy thing people are trying to do, give them a bracing cheer. You will never know how much you can accomplish by a bit of voice and breath." So ends the commentary. UNITY adds, neither will you ever know how much you can defeat "by a bit of voice and breath." The chronic grumbler, the everlasting whine of the man or woman who says, "It can't be done." "Why don't you do it some other way?" "Is it worth while?" These are the heaviest make-weights of progress.

Last week we commented upon the sad incident of the Hyde Park boys caught at midnight in a forlorn boat house, witnessing an illicit prize fight, and told of how some of the boys in trying to escape the disgrace, jumped into the ice-cold water. This week there is reported another "raid" on a North Side pool room, also in a "respectable" territory, where a lot of minors were surprised at their midnight gambling. One lad sixteen years old jumped through a window in order to avoid disgrace; three others fought with the policemen. The police reported the room full of boys; eight out of the thirty-five arrested were minors. Mothers, where are your boys when they are out late in the evening "with the other boys"? Fathers, is it worth while to be so busy that you have no time to start your boys on better ways? The problem of the boy is still the profoundest problem in sociology.

The *Outlook* in an appreciative notice of the Centenary Edition of Theodore Parker says of the great preacher: "He fought a good fight for the rights of the individual conscience against ecclesiasticism, and for the rights of humanity against oppressors. He discerned more clearly than his contemporaries the great truths of Christianity now coming to due recognition—the immanence of God in man, and its corollary, a divine incarnation in the human race. * * * * Strange that fellow-Christians should have stigmatized as 'infidel' a preacher who said, 'What delight have I in my consciousness of God, the certainty of his protection, his infinite love!' who said of Jesus, 'Rarely, almost never, do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race; decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heaven.'"

The *International Journal of Ethics* for January is rich in material. Professor Howerth, of the University of Chicago, has a discriminating article on "The Social Ideal" in which he tells us that "Vision implies prevision;" that "More's Utopia is still worthy the attention of social philosophers;" that while the social need is a general need, "there is a limit beyond which social organization may not go without defeating its purpose." Social organization cannot produce an Apollo Belvidere or a Gettysburg speech. The review of Frederick Harrison's "Creed of a Layman" is also a valuable contribution to clear thinking in this number; recognizing the lofty character and beautiful spirit of the venerable writer, it points out effectively the limitations and inadequacy of the positivist's faith that seeks to satisfy the soul's longings for the ideal and the infinite and its need of intercourse with the same by limiting it within the scope of human history, life and experience. Human nature is great and the contemplation of humanity is inspiring, but there is a beyond and above. The universe cannot be fathomed by the human soul, and the soul of man must rest in the infinite beyond.

Many diseases are cured by being found out. Drug habits and largely the dram habit is acquired in secrecy, the poor victim hoping that nobody knows of the indulgence, until it is too late. Hysterics generally flee when caught and exposed. No one is willing to be accused of hypochondria, and to convict is to cure. Dr. McComb, who is writing a series of articles in the *Congregationalist* on "The Healing Ministry of the Church," makes out a list of the diseases that are amenable to what he calls "healer treatment." The mere publication of this list is sanitary. We publish it that our readers may test themselves by it. Does it apply to you? Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself and quit it. Shock is wholesome under such circumstances, and discovery is such a shock. To an anxious mother who recently called on the writer to know what to do with a listless daughter who had lost interest in life as the result of a mild case of disappointment in love—the poor girl would not get up in the morning and did not want to eat—the writer ventured the prescription of a dash of cold water in bed and heroic indifference as to whether she ate or not, as probably a short way to the cure. But here are the diseases. Neurasthenia or nervous prostration, hysteria, hypochondria, insomnia, exaggerated emotionalism, worry, fear, fixed ideas, religious melancholy, drug-habits, groundless suspicions, suicidal tendencies, immoral propensities, abnormal shyness, and many other ailments.

In the death of E. C. Stedman, English literature has lost one of its foremost critics and American poetry one of its most conspicuous singers. No man since Lowell's time has had such power of interpretation, such insight into the soul of poetry, and, more than Lowell, has he brought to the hurried and uncritical readers the wealth of his study. His Victorian and American Anthologies are incomparably the richest collection of modern poetry available to the busy man whose library and time are limited. We sincerely hope that his "Reminiscences" were sufficiently advanced to permit publication. It is more than an idle curiosity that leads one to wonder how the poet and the scholar blended with a successful career on Wall street. The newspapers report that he amassed two fortunes, though we fear the second one had largely slipped from his grasp. In the death of Mr. Stedman UNITY has lost an interested reader and a faithful friend, as the following line from a recent letter indicates:

"You may perhaps know that I have always been a good friend of UNITY, and after breaking up my home it is one of the two or three which I have not requested may no longer be sent me. * * *"

Perhaps the two most famous poems from the pen of Mr. Stedman are his "The Hand of Lincoln" and "Wanted—A Man," which we print on our front page, a poem born out of the darkest days of the rebellion, one which Abraham Lincoln read to his cabinet with trembling voice.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka has been giving to the readers of the *Congregationalist* some sensible suggestions as to "What the average church can do." "It," he says, "can have an orderly organization, a definite campaign policy, a clear and simple financial system, a dignified and helpful service of worship, emphatic work for the children, close identification with the community's welfare, some systematic plan of Bible study, an efficient use of funds, a definite missionary service, and a warm spiritual life." Surely a splendid program, and why not? But this program cannot be secured by committees who simply discuss financial problems or pass resolutions for others to execute. Personal service is the need of the church today, the personal service that has been shunted onto other, and on close analysis, obviously inferior, cheaper, less efficient lines. For after full credit is given for all good work done by civic federations, voters' leagues, improvement associations, charity organizations, and all kinds of clubs and fraternities, none of them can or do reach the democratic breadth, the ethical potency or spiritual efficiency which not only may be but in a large number of cases is realized by the church. Poor, ragged and distraught as the churches are, they still believe in the common life of men and women, of old and young, of rich and poor. And while men organizations indulge in practices and habits not congenial to their wives, mothers and daughters, and while women organizations resent the masculine voice, the place of the church is not outgrown.

Whatever may be said about the wisdom of strikes, the present rent strike in New York City is a terrible arraignment of the city itself. There is no more

grewsome commentary upon the civic integrity and efficiency of our cities than the condition of tenement houses. Not only in New York, where the geographical contractions seem to justify congested conditions, but even here in Chicago where there is room to expand all the way from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, where land is or ought to be cheap, the conditions of tenements over many weary acres are such as to violate well-known sanitary conditions and much vaunted municipal ordinances. At the center of the city, where business men do congregate, in places of amusement and leading hotels, the inspecting officers of the city are reasonably active. But where the great majority of the city lives, those who most need the protection and supervision contemplated by law, are compelled to live year in and year out under conditions that violate the most obvious requirements of the health and safety departments of the city. Before landlords have a right to expect even reasonable rentals they ought to be made to conform to municipal regulations. And this, in the case of Chicago as of other cities throughout large tracts, can only be done by the demolition of existing rookeries and shacks, replacing the same with structures such as architects are now quite competent to build, viz, buildings that yield at least the minimum requirement of light and air and provide for safety from fires and the adequate provision for cleanliness and still be within reach of working men's incomes, and yielding to the capitalists a reasonable and sure interest on money invested. It is not too much to demand that there should be a forfeiture clause in every lease which would abate the rent whenever the landlord failed to conform to city ordinances, or through the ignorance or cupidity of the tenant, secure an occupant in a condemned building. UNITY has long urged the renovation by fire of the outgrown and disgraceful shacks in our cities, from which respectable and pious landlords still receive the income which helps make their lives luxurious. These fires should not be waited for as "acts of providence" but the fire department should be called out to execute the orders that emanate from the Health Department and the Building Inspector's office.

The Man Who Conquered Defeat

Last Sunday was the one hundred and first anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee. At the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago there was held a Memorial Service at which the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Southern Pickets and the survivors of the Confederate Army were the invited guests.

The story of General Lee is filled with paradoxes. Born to wealth and the luxuries that go therewith, he was a man whose tastes were almost monastic in their simplicity. Predestined for the army, forty years or more of his life were spent in uniform, either the blue or the gray, and yet his tastes were rural, almost rustic. He loved the farm and was buried, by choice, in citizen's clothes; the ward and servant to an eminent degree of the nation, a disbeliever in secession, a hater of slavery, a lover and defender of the flag—yet at the last moment the call of Virginia proved to him more imperative than the call of the nation. A sad choice, but no one can doubt that in his case it was conscientiously taken.

"Let them keep their horses," said General Grant, "They will need them to put in their corn." And with tears running down his cheeks, with the boys who had adored him gathered around him, General Lee said: " Go home, plant the crops, repair the ravishes of the war and show yourselves good citizens as you have been good soldiers."

Five months only had elapsed after the "end" at Appomattox when Traveler was again saddled and the old commander mounted, and, without accompaniment of bugle or orderly, without sword, buttons or epaulette he rode away from Richmond. Four days did man and horse enjoy the solitude of the road unchallenged by picket, unhindered by baggage trains or artillery. On the afternoon of the fourth day, September 18, 1865, the old iron grey horse halted in front of the little village inn at Lexington, Va. The rider was recognized—the new president of Washington College had arrived—Washington College as badly wrecked and battered as any one of the batteries that had been laid aside after the surrender. The campus was denuded, the museums and libraries sacked, some of the buildings, I believe, burned. The endowment, if any of it was left, had been neglected if not lost; only forty students and four professors, and the great general who capitulated at Appomattox had ridden hither on horseback to take hold of this forlorn hope, to resuscitate this fragment of the lost cause which was not lost.

Five months before he had said: "How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest; I have only to ride along the line and all will be over. But," he added promptly, "it is our duty to live. What will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to protect them?"

He had found the new duty. "I have led so many of the young men of Virginia to battle and to death," he said, "Now I would like to give the remainder of my life to teaching them how to live."

Robert E. Lee with sword and spurs campaigned it for four years for the honor, as he thought, of Virginia. Robert E. Lee, without sword and without spurs, campaigned it for five years in the interest of the new life, in the interest of science, in the interest of culture, in the interest of economic industries, creative wisdom, and the time is coming, though it is not yet, when the later laurels will outshine and outlast those won on the field of battle.

The limitations of Robert E. Lee were the limitations of the soldier. The greatest captains of war are fighting a losing battle with posterity; their names are fading on the pages of history.

In a recent plebiscite started by a Paris newspaper, asking for the most famous Frenchman of the century, the name of Napoleon, whose tread shook Europe,

whose pen reshaped the political boundaries of nations, comes in third in the estimation of this first decade of the twentieth century. Pasteur, the great scientist, and Victor Hugo, the great poet and philanthropist, had outvoted him. This shows the trend of our times, the slow but sure verdict of history.

Richmond coveted Lee's ashes; it asked the privilege of burying the hero of the Confederacy. Failing that, they have erected, high above the din of the city, on a triumphal arch, the heroic statue of Traveler and his rider. But still we must go to Lexington to find the truest memorial of the great Virginian. The post-bellum Robert E. Lee represents the permanent triumphs of the conquered, the victory of him who failed.

In the balances of history the flute of the humble signal officer, which was smuggled in the ragged sleeve of a private's uniform, as the sick boy Sidney Lanier, passed as a prisoner of war into the military camp at Fortress Monroe, will outweigh Robert E. Lee's sword. The poet, Sidney Lanier, the Keats of America, the poet laureate of the South, like Robert E. Lee overleapt the inadequate boundaries of any state, they forgot the "loyalties" and the grievances of a section, and rose to the fuller consciousness of a mighty nation in which state boundaries are but scratches upon the map, aye, the nation itself shrinks as the inadequate home of the true poet, the real hero. The patriot of peace is a citizen of the world and nothing less than this consciousness of a world citizenship will satisfy the longings of the soul that is touched with the spirit of religion and leans on the bosom of the Eternal, who feels ever beneath him the Everlasting Arms.

The story of Lee's campaigning has been often written—perhaps adequately told. If not, it will be taken care of. The world now waits for an alumnus of the Washington-Lee University who will compile a volume containing Lee's precepts and admonitions to the young and setting forth in some adequate fashion his delight in children, his companionship with the young, his formative touch, that molded citizens and laid the foundation of civic righteousness and social progress.

The prayer of Sidney Lanier for Johns Hopkins University is the most fitting version of the crowning prayer of Robert E. Lee, whose last act in life was given to the fostering of religion, the furthering of the church and the strengthening of the college.

Battle fields have bloomed into beauty, rifle pits have yielded corn, because Robert E. Lee and Sidney Lanier have wrought and helped to

> "Bring Tolerance, that can kiss and disagree,—
> Bring Virtue, Honor, Truth and Loyalty,—
> Bring Faith that sees with undissembling eyes,—
> Bring all large Loves and heavenly Charities,—
> Till man seems less a riddle unto man
> And fair Utopia less Utopian,
> And many peoples call from shore to shore,
> The world has bloomed again, at *Baltimore!*"

wrote Lanier in his Johns Hopkins Dedication Ode, "At Lexington," prayed Robert E. Lee during his five years' splendid work as president of Washington University.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor UNITY:

One may go a-pioneering only to find UNITY already on the ground. Even with this as an opening wedge there is decided need for the onward sweep of truth in Bellingham.

The city is situated on Puget Sound near the British Columbia line and adjoining Seattle, which is 100 miles south. It was formed in 1903 by the consolidation of Whatcom and Fairhaven and has a population of 35,000 people. Harbor facilities are ideal, with a bay ten miles long and five wide, having an average depth of about fifty feet. Large islands are seen in the Sound, and magnificent mountain ranges, many covered with perpetual snow, form a semi-circle about the city. Puget Sound sunsets are famous. I might also speak of the great forests, but any description of nature's handiwork here would be entirely inadequate to convey the grandeur.

Perhaps the most striking difference in living in Bellingham instead of Chicago is found not in the lack of modern conveniences or of cosmopolitan people, but in the presence of these mountains which I have mentoined, and the forests. Then the Sound shipping bears the stamp of the Orient, while Alaska, just over the way, seems very real. Bellingham was brought into being through the original Alaska boom, I believe, when a few people settled in this vicinity. Isolated enough to be the center of the surrounding territory, the surface of which has as yet hardly been scratched, the commercial future of the city looms large with the pushing forward of civilization into the adjoining country, which is so vast, that I presume any who have not been on the ground can hardly form a correct etsimate of its magnitude. It is this section with Bellingham as a center, to which President Hill of the Great Northern railroad referred, when he declared:

"I believe I am safe in saying that there is no other part of the world where the same amount of raw material awaits to be converted into something useful to man as in Northwest Washington.

Bellingham leads in the production of the three staples of the Northwest, in cedar shingles, lumber products and canned fish, and has the largest salmon cannery in the world. I might mention the gold and the coal mines. But I have an idea readers of UNITY must come out here to get the spirit of it all and say with President Roosevelt, in a moment of enthusiasm, "There may be some place in the world equal to Puget Sound, but I don't know where it is."

There is no fellowship in Bellingham for the preacher of religion attuned to life. The ministerial association introduced a clause to bar me from membership even before I applied. The liberal movement is meeting with some success, probably due in part to the strenuous opposition it has encountered from evangelical brethren. We need a Lincoln Centre to incline the city in the way it should grow. Seven per cent of the people attend the many churches.

All in all it's worth while to do a little pioneering, anyway, and especially so in the place where the pioneer in America is said to be making his last stand. And it is worth while to find a land about that gives anew an appreciation of the words: "Though he lead me through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," and "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my strength."

A right hearty New Year for Lincoln Center and for all it holds in store for the world. Faithfully yours,

Bellingham, Washington. FRED ALBAN WEIL.

THE PULPIT

"The Goodly Heritage"

BY REV. HENRY WILDER FOOTE AT THE UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICE, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

Psalm 16: *"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places:*

"Yea I have a goodly heritage."

The psalmist is singing his golden hymn of faith in Jehovah, who has brought him back after weary years of exile in Babylon and established him again in the land of his fathers. The surveying lines which have measured the boundaries of his allotment of tillable land have fallen in pleasant, fertile places. Over him he feels the mighty protection of his fathers' God, for the phrase which in our English versions is translated, "Yea, I have a goodly heritage" seems rather to mean, "Yea, mine inheritance is mighty over me." The psalmist's thought has turned again from the lands of which he has become the possessor, toward his spiritual heritage as one of Jehovah's people. It is Jehovah himself who is the mighty inheritance in which the singer rests happy. (See Briggs "Psalms" I., p. 120.)

This splendid verse of happy faith may well have sung itself again and again in the hearts of our forefathers who crossed the perilous seas and braved the yet more perilous unknown lands of the Atlantic seaboard. They, too, were exiles, but they sought to possess their spiritual heritage not in the pleasant places of a hallowed ancestral land, but in the wilderness which their own toil and suffering was to hallow for their descendants. For them, as for the Israelite of old, their most precious possession was not the land into which they had come, but the religious ideals to which the new land gave large opportunity for development. Their God was the true inheritance which they had sought, and he was mighty over them.

We are our fathers' heirs. Into our hands has come the potent treasure which they won through the largeness of their vision and the tenacity of their hardihood. The "pleasant places" into which they entered have grown under wonder-working hands from the provincial, coastwise towns and rugged inland farms bounded by unmapt forests, into far-flung prairies and treasure-laden mountains and magically-arisen cities, marvelous beyond the dreams of Pilgrim and Puritan. We dwell with an insistent pride upon the inexhaustible richness of our birthright, upon which we have laid hands right royally. But in our self-satisfaction we have too much forgotten two things: that "to inherit a treasure is to inherit a trust," and that our greatest inheritance is not the land in which we live, with its crops and its commerce, but the high spiritual ideals handed down to us from our fathers.

He who receives an inheritance of material possessions which his forebears have accumulated by prudence and foresight and painstaking economies, knows —if he be wise and upright—that he is not free to squander and dissipate it, but that it is put into his hands only that after he has used it he may hand it on undiminished to those who shall come after him. And when the heritage includes a yet more precious gathering of memories and traditions which cluster like stars about an honorable name—memories of holy living and wise and tender love, traditions of brave self-sacrifice and of generous service—then the heir is bound by a still stronger bond of honor not to throw to the winds by headlong, reckless folly the spiritual treasure bequeathed to him. Nations—like individuals—may come into a fortune, material or spiritual, which they may fling away, or hoard with miserly greed, or spend with wise discretion in developing better men and women. What have we done with our natural inheritance? What witness will our sons and our sons' sons bear against us? Will they praise us as just and faithful stewards, or will they curse us, their fathers, for having wasted in riotous living the greatest fortune that ever a nation entered into, leaving to them dust and ashes and bitterness?

For two generations this nation has been going through its inheritance like a spendthrift prodigal. We found here vast herds of bison which shook the earth with their tread, and we have gaily exterminated them, just for the fun of seeing them fall to rot upon the plains. A little thing, perchance, that a noble beast should become all but extinct—but it is typical of the spirit with which in our wanton plenty we have wasted the good gifts of God. We found dark, primeval forests, where lay the precious leaf mould of a hundred thousand summers, nurturing alike fragrant, fragile forms of loveliness, and straight, tall trees for all our needs. We fondly fancied them illimitable and indestructible—but look today for Michigan's pine forests, or for the woodland glories of many another state, and you will see only interminable barren wastes. We have cut and slashed, have brought crashing down the full grown tree upon the sapling; have burnt what we were too impatient prudently to save, giving to the all-consuming flame every living plant and seed, and the nourishing mould that all man's magic alchemy can never counterfeit nor restore. Today we face a timber famine, and little to show for it save the gold-lined pockets of sundry "timber kings," whom we have permitted to filch and destroy with hasty and brutal selfishness what should have been a perennial fountain of wealth and joy for the generations to come. We found vast beds of coal and iron, reservoirs of gas and lakes of subterranean oil rising obedient to man's drill. Like a gorged mouse in a cheese we have eaten out the rich heart of our coal and iron mines, leaving the poorer, but increasingly precious, sections to tumbling ruin and ultimate waste. We have tapped natural gas and oil and let them blaze to heaven their witness of our reckless waste, scarce using even in our extravagant way a half of what earth yielded. And now experts tell us that unless we hoard what remains of iron deposit and fuel supply the middle of this century will find us at the end of these resources. Many centuries before the age of steam man drove his mills by streams of falling water. We, too, as coal grows yet more dear, must return to water power, now so little utilized. But shall we find the streams which once were ours, when we go to look for them? By substituting a sandy waste, alternately hot and cold, for the damp, temperate forest we have diminished the rainfall, and converted the quiet, even stream, fed by the gentle seeping of moisture through a million million rootlets, into a torrent which now rages unrestrainedly, now shrinks to a feeble trickle. And, like stupid Esau of old, for a scanty mess of pottage we are giving away the heritage of the children of the state to the crafty Jacobs among us, when we grant to syndicate and private company in perpetuity, rather than in restricted lease, the precious water power of our rivers.

How then shall we meet the accusation of our inheritors, to whom we leave a country bereft of its

pleasant woodlands; gutted of its age-old stores of fuel and mineral; even its flowing streams shackled to labor for the enrichment of the keen-sighted few? That which is gone is lost forever; but there still remains much of value which has escaped the vandal ax, the senseless flame, the searching pick, and which may yet be gathered up and preserved if we will keep our wits about us. So only can we avert some measure of the inevitable reproach. Do you deem me perversely pessimistic? Read then the brief but striking article recently written by the pen of an expert, Gifford Pinchot.

Thus have we guarded the goodly heritage of material things which our fathers won for us. How is it with that higher inheritance which was "mighty over them," the ideals, the spiritual life of the nation —immeasurably more holy and valuable a trust than any material wealth? Shall we transmit to our descendants not only uncorrupted but enhanced, the high ideals, the brave and generous hopes, the aspiring faith with which our fathers labored to raise our country's fabric? More than sixty years ago Lowell wrote in his "Present Crisis":

> "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

In truth the decision comes not once only, but again and again. Each generation has its present crisis, ours as well as those which have gone before us. When the great shadow of the Civil War swept across the land for most men the primary issues at stake stood out in clear relief. Both North and South rang with the thrilling trumpet, and hearts beat fast in time with the beating drums. This generation's call seems prosaic and tame after those rolling drums. Our present crisis offers no clear-cut issue for the nation's future. The principles at stake are far less obvious; the undermining influences which tend to demoralize our social and ethical standards do not face the Republic with the open challenge of a seceding Confederacy. The dangers which confront us are subtle and apparently remote, so that the thoughtless sit at ease in Zion murmuring applause for those who cry "Peace, Peace." But none the less upon us and upon our clear-sighted action, depends the future of this fair land. The hidden dangers of our time are questions involving fresh moral and spiritual adjustments.

> "New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth."

In a pungent and vigorous little book just published under the title of "Sin and Society," Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, points out that the moral standards of our fathers regarding personal vices and sins are firmly established. In spite of the sodden, hopeless sorrows of our city slums, spite of the costly mirth and painted virtues of our worthless rich, the ills which threaten us are not intemperance and immorality. In respect to these and kindred evils men are steadily growing better. But, says Professor Ross, "the master iniquities of our time are connected with money-making." The social and economic conditions of our generation have changed apace; public opinion and the power of moral judgment has not developed with corresponding rapidity. Therefore, we are ready enough in our judgment of antique sins, but stand as those in a maze before the intricate sophistries of the organized powers that prey upon society. We think we know how to deal with the hungry man who snatches a pocketbook, or the desperate thug who commits murder; but we are powerless before the gas company which lights us ill but charges us extortionately; before the street railway company which coins money on our thoroughfares with franchises the purchase price of which was no more than the alderman's bribe; before the water company which kills its thousands with unfiltered, typhoid-laden streams; before the railroad which mangles, maims, crushes, roasts the passengers who put their lives into its hands. In our lack of moral judgment concerning iniquities committed by impersonal corporations in the pursuit of dividends lies a twofold danger to our country. First will come—nay, already is upon us—a serious deterioration in personal standards of righteousness and honor; and then the brave ideals of the republic—the hardly won equality of opportunity, the open door of freedom, the even hand of justice, the overthrown barriers of caste—these long-cherished hopes of upward striving humanity will fade under the shadow of a new feudalism.

We have lost ground morally, not as regards conventional behavior, but through the increasing tendency to measure all success by money standards. "Is such and such a man a successful banker?" we ask, and we generally mean, not "Is he building up a substantial, absolutely reliable bank for the service of the community?" but, "Is he making money for himself hand over fist?" The successful manager of a great manufacturing plant is the one who produces fat dividends with most pleasing regularity; let us not inquire into his methods, lest we find that his dividends are drawn from the blood and bone of weary women, and of wan, undeveloped children. The great railroad president demands that his subordinates "produce results," else they must make place for more efficient men, and the test by which they are judged is less often the prosperity of the country which should be nourished and upbuilt by the road than the accuracy with which the compiler of the tariff schedule has calculated how heavy a tax the traffic will bear. The individual banker, mill manager, railroad or insurance president is not indeed himself greatly to blame. He but accepts the current standards of success, and deems it the place of ministers and women to talk of uplifting the ideals of business. "In the orthodox creed of the business world it is a weakness and not a strength to be content with 5 per cent where 10 is obtainable." (Mrs. Wharton. "Fruit of the Tree," p. 195). The tendency to measure a man's achievement or prestige by the income which he receives, rather than by the value of the work which he is accomplishing; or by the percentage of return which he squeezes from an investment, rather than by its humanizing value to the community, exercises a most pernicious influence upon our youths and maidens. The most conspicuous examples of successful men before them are not the classic heroes of "Plutarch's Lives"; not even the bold Elizabethan adventurer or the intrepid voyager of the northern wilderness; still less the quiet earnest thinker who strives to keep true and clear the vision of the world, but the men who have amassed their twenty or their fifty or their hundred millions. The dazzled eyes of the nation have not yet perceived that the way by which such vast fortunes are made can not be ethically justified, though they may not be legally punishable. That money only is legitimately earned which is the reward for service rendered. No man's service to the community is so great as to deserve a reward of many million dollars—or at least those who do indeed greatly serve their country can not be rewarded in so clumsy and futile a way. No

money can pay for the services of a Washington or a Lincoln—but what blessings have a Ryan or a Rockefeller conferred upon us that we should overwhelm them with mountains of gold? There is a crying need for a readjustment of the conscience of the land, that the money maker may be held responsible alike before the law and before the bar of public opinion for the methods which he employs. Our goodly heritage of morals has not been trained to the combat under the new conditions. It is fitted to withstand the old-fashioned plunging attacks upon society, but we have not so drilled it as to meet the up-to-date trickster, and it is hoodwinked and confused by the forward pass of the skillful juggler of high finance. Our standards of righteousness and honor have been debauched by the golden success of iniquitous money making. The inheritance of righteousness which was mighty over our fathers, that long-ripening fruit of the unselfish toil and prayerful aspiration, of the true living and brave dying of generations, is fading in the glare of sudden riches. We are in danger of losing that which unbounded wealth can never restore. To quote Professor Ross again, "The founder of the oil trust may give us back our money, but not if he send among us a hundred Wesleys can he give us back our lost ideals." (Sin and Society, p. 154.)

It is idle to suppose that we can thus undergo a degradation of individual standards without suffering in our civic and national life. Our municipal governments, our state legislatures, are bywords among the nations because we are too deeply concerned with making money to maintain justice between man and man, to establish righteousness in the government of the community. The sordid and debasing corruptions of police and aldermen, of court and legislature, have gone hand in hand with equally unrighteous methods in private business. Our political parties have judged policies and men by the money standard. Tolstoi, with characteristic vehemence, brings this accusation against us:

"'Prosperity! prosperity!' What a shameful plea that is which your American platform makers address to the voters! They do not say, 'We will give you an honest, righteous government,' but they say, 'We'll make you all fat and sleek. If you vote for me you will have a double chin.' And no one arises to say, 'What will your full dinner pails profit you if while gorging your bellies you lose your immortal souls?'"

It is time for us to see whither we are being led by the influences which have more regard for the sanctity of private gains than for the public welfare of the nation. That path leads straight to the new feudalism, tempered by the possibility of a social revolution. The control of public utilities by small groups of men themselves uncontrolled; the purloining by corrupt speculators and corrupted officials of great public domains of forest or mineral land, which were intended for the small settler, or which ought to be worked for the benefit of all; the control of legislation, both state and national, by huge vested interests —these tendencies unless sharply checked will bring about either a condition where a few powerful persons control the lives, and therefore command the allegiance of the many; or else will provoke a great and disrupting social upheaval. This nation must resolve anew that government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth. We must renew our faith in our inherited ideals of righteousness and justice, and remodel them to fit the needs of today.

The trumpet call of sixty years ago still rings true. (Lowell's "Present Crisis."):

"Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?"

* * * * * * *

"They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tomb of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of today?

"New occasions teach new duties, Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo, before us gleam her campfires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted Key."

Surely our land will not forego its spiritual heritage of freedom and justice and righteousness. Though we have ill guarded our inheritance it is yet a very precious and holy gift of God. We must see to it that in the years to come our children shall look back to this our day, and trace in our lives the upflaming of the ancient fires. Then shall they say that we, their fathers, followed indeed, though with stumbling steps, the star of national righteousness, and maintained the high and holy traditions which we had received. We are debtors to those who have gone before us, like them to preserve and to increase the blessed inheritance. We are under bonds to those who shall come atfer us, to our sons who sit in judgment upon us, to render an account of what we have received. We are thankless and ungrateful if, like the psalmist of old, we do not uplift our hearts from the soft and pleasant places in which our lines have fallen, to the Heavenly Father, our great inheritance who is mighty over us. We too much limit our annual giving of thanks to a vain-glorious self-congratulation on our sleek and prosperous condition, when we ought in all humility to bless the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the unearned spiritual inheritances which he has bestowed upon us, and to pray for grace to guard the trust faithfully and well. Let us pray for our country that she may be preserved from an enervating and corrupting prosperity, from a reign of gold which shall debase her ideals.

"O Beautiful, my Country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

"For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

"O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem."

Walter L. Sheldon

TRIBUTE BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.*

It is hard to speak objectively of one who has been so near to me as Mr. Sheldon. We have been pioneers together in two Western communities, we have been friends from the start, we have shared our discouragements and been happy in each other's successes, we have been different in many ways and yet we have always loved. How can I think of all this strenuous life of my brother as belonging to the past, as a closed book wherein no more a line shall be written, how can I think of that face with the deep-set eyes, with the arching dome above them, with the firm, tense mouth, yet so capable of sweetness, as vanished, gone, irretrievably gone! It is as if some strong mountain disappeared from our familiar horizon, some tall spreading tree were laid low.

And yet reality does not change because we see it no more. For our sake and the future, it is well to fix the lineaments of this strong soul, to whose work itself and its undying effects we can add nothing.

Mr. Sheldon was one of the most individual of men. I have not known—has any of us?—one just like him. He was so much so that we came near losing him from our movement at an early day, and he always remained a unique figure in it. He would not follow another's lead. He had to map out his own course. He would listen to you and weigh, no doubt, what you had to say, and then go his own way.

Happily his views coincided in cardinal points with those of the rest of us, and co-operation was possible; but we all felt an independent force in him, and he had his own peculiar ways of formulating things, his own phrases, just as he developed a characteristic set of practical activities in the St. Louis Society. I recall his insistence on the religiousness of the Ethical Movement, not because of transcendental views connected with ethics, but because ethics itself was to him a sacred subject, because it excited sacred feelings—he saw perhaps more clearly than any of the rest of us that the specific sense of the sacred was what made religion—not a set of cosmical views; he spoke in an early lecture of an "Ethical Church," and later of "we the clergy"—an expression that I remember grated on me at the time.

In another way he was strongly individual. He held that one might belong to our movement and to one of the recognized churches at the same time. Though a rationalist himself, he did not insist on rationalism as a part of the movement. He did not think it proper for an Ethical Sunday School to say whether Jesus turned water into wine or not. He had such a sense of the supremacy of the one thing—ethics, that the lesser matters of scientific enlightenment he passed by. He did so theoretically—this was his view; whether he did so practically and whether he was altogether consistent even in holding such a view, is another matter; happily not, to my mind—for I must think that to know how things are done in the world is almost of as much moment as to know that they ought to be done.

The fact is that it was because he was so essentially and thoroughly a modern and progressive man in his views, that he had the rich, sane influence on his community and time that he had. Intellectually speaking Sheldon was of no common order. If he had not found a practical outlet for his energies, I surmise that he might have done no mean work in philosophy, or some of the social sciences. His mind was keen, penetrating. I have been struck with this as I have just reread a paper of his in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* for 1886. It is a thoroughgoing piece of critical writing, and coincides in some striking particulars with what I suspect to be one of the most important constructive books in philosophy of this year, Montgomery's "Philosophical Problems in the Light of Vital Organization." His wonderful range of reading, and his power of grasping the vital victory, in them life found its meaning—they were to him man's higher self on which he can ever rely. They meant man's personal redemption, they meant social redemption—and if he was skeptical about some of the reforms of the day it was because these commanding sentiments did not inspire them. "It is because these great efforts do not concentrate upon an ethical ideal that I am afraid of them," he said in one of the first public addresses he ever gave. Man must act from his highest self—this was his feeling. It is a new version of the old commandment, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

This was all personal vision, and, in the degree in which it is possible to our frail humanity, personal experience. He wished above all to have his own life right. I seem to feel this personal note in a very early statement he made, which I shall quote in full: "Many have thought that because they do not feel the need of a church, because they are conscious of their own integrity, therefore it is not for themselves but for the rest of the world, for the poor and illiterate, for the 'half moral,' that an Ethical Society is needed. But do they fully appreciate what is meant by moral culture? Does a man come to a plane of moral elevation when he can say, 'I can go no further; I am at the summit'? We shall not reform the world unless we are ever reforming ourselves. The most perfect man is never more than half perfect in comparison with what he might become. From the dawn of earliest consciousness down to the last hour, when we are passing out through the portals into the realm of eternity, through that vista of years along which we pass, there is not a day nor an hour when we do not need to be in a process of *inward refining*. The education of the inward man, of the inmost man, never stops. This purification of the inward feelings, this constant lifting up of the better self within ourselves, this is the supreme purpose of an Ethical Society."

One other passage I will quote in closing as showing the depths or rather the heights of power to which he believed human nature could rise. We all crave to be happy, in the ordinary sense of having what we want; "but," says Mr. Sheldon, "I doubt whether a completely happy man would ever know what it was to live the life of the spirit. When you get what you do not want, or do not get what you do want, then it is that you are led to ascend to new heights of your being or to strike into its deeper recesses. We conquer nature only to find that it may conquer us, unless somehow we can enter a sphere where the 'tendencies of nature,' as we term them, do not hold sway."

Somehow I feel that it was into such a sphere that this strenuous soul was ever and anon arising amid the struggles and disappointments of his earthly life—and that in the last struggle, the last disappointment, he passed into it to abide there forever. The end was not death, but peace and victory.

*Given at Memorial Meeting at Glenmore, in the Adirondacks, September 5th, 1907.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

What the Congress Means

We give below a statement of the principles of the Congress of Religion, prepared by the Secretary for submission to the approval of all the friends of the organization. Any suggestions or amendments which friends may be willing to offer will be gladly received.

Its Faith.

A fellowship of individuals who believe with Micah (6:8) and Jesus (Matt. 25:34) that goodness and brotherliness are primary tests of Godliness; who believe that the barriers of schism and creed, the sectarian rivalries in overchurched regions, are a hindrance and reproach to the church; who believe that all the Sons of God should work together even for "one of these least" that His Kingdom may come.

Its Watchword.

The practical coöperation of all "seekers after God" for and unto the transformation of human society into His Kingdom of righteousness, justice and peace on the earth.

Its Platform.

The Universal Fatherhood of God, the race wide brotherhood of man, the spirit of unselfish ministry in the service of mankind. "For as many as are led by the spirit of God these are the Sons of God." (Rom. 8:14). The open sesame into this fellowship is a sincere desire for service under the leadership of the Infinite—no matter how much or how little one knows about Him—and a willingness to coöperate with other Truth-seekers for the high purposes of the Kingdom.

Its Work.

The culture of the spirit of Godliness and brotherliness, the bringing of different denominations into acquaintance and fellowship with each other without the loss of their identities: the discovery and dissemination of all possible truth concerning the great soul needs of mankind, and the infinite provisions for their satisfaction; the organization of local or state federations, of all religious forces, for practical service and ministry in combating evils and advancing righteousness.

Its Vision.

The spirit of unity and coöperation which is in the very air of the twentieth century cannot fail to heal some wounds of the body of the church, and the Congress will ever rejoice in such organic unions as may come, and for which its work must contribute. But, recognizing the apparent impossibility of uniting even a small portion of the one hundred and forty or more sects in America, we work and pray and look for the day when all sincere "seekers after God" will own the universal obligations of His Kingdom and while exercising the right of private creed and ritual, will cheerfully work together for the common good of all, which alone can make way for His Kingdom on the earth.

As the normal development of human life, the divine pathway unto the fruition of every human soul, is not that of an isolated or exclusive individualism, but is rather that of a social redemption, no man can seek primarily to save himself, for "He that saveth his life shall lose it," but he must ever strive for the redemption of his fellows and the transformation of the whole social order into the Kingdom of God.

Development of Co-operative Industry

Within a radius of one hundred miles of the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis there are now forty co-operative stores, and others in process of organization. Minnesota already has about seven hundred co-operative creameries, organized in recent years mainly through the activity of Professor Hecker of the State Agricultural College. Wisconsin has also a similarly large number of such creameries and the prosperity of these enterprises has been a revelation of the benefits of co-operative business.

The stores have been organized by the efforts of a trio of able and conscientious co-operators. Messrs. Vanhorn, Vedder and Tousley, aided by a number of traveling organizers. The associations are patterned mainly after the famous Rochdale English system. As large a number of members as possible is secured in a town or vicinity, each one subscribing one hundred dollars toward the capital stock, payable in cash or approved notes. A local store is then bought and usually the former owner is continued as manager. Each member has an equal voice in the business, but a board of directors is elected to conduct the enterprise through the manager. Interest is allowed on the capital and the remaining profit is divided in proportion to the purchases of the stockholders. In some of the stores a half dividend is allowed to non-members. Anyone may trade at the stores and anyone may become a member.

A conference of the officers, managers and directors of these stores and the central or promoting body, known as the Right Relationship League, was held in Minneapolis on January 14, 15, 16 and 17. The first day was devoted to discussing and formulating a plan for establishing a central wholesale or distributing warehouse. At this conference there were forty-six co-operative stores represented, having a membership of three thousand, and a paid up capital of about $300,000. The stores are in small country towns; the members and directors are mainly farmers of the class who do their own work. A more intelligent and well-meaning and congenial company I have never fallen in with. They were punctual, attentive and quite open-minded to the best co-operative ideas and ideals. The saving of money by people doing business with their own capital and ability and saving the profit for themselves is only one of its reasons for being. It creates capital for self employment in the case of wage earners, and for social improvement in the case of farmers. It introduces the practice of equality and democracy into business, and business in our time affects people's lives and our institutions more than politics, religion or education. That is a broad statement, but it will bear inspection. The "factory system," specialization and division of labor, have brought trade, buying and selling, organization and an army of employes into general vogue. The trade spirit and trade evils, as well as benefits have become of pre-eminent importance, but they are almost completely left out in the co-operative plan. No adulteration, no tricks of the trade, no adverse self interest, no private fortune making, but only the best service for all alike—this is the essential role of co-operative industry.

The plan has been developed in poor little Denmark until four-fifths of the people are co-operators and even the poorest of peasants have become opulent. There are now two and a half million members of co-operative industries with an annual trade of five hundred millions.

In Great Britain one hundred millions worth of

goods are manufactured with a clear profit of fifty-five millions, while a wide expansion of similar enterprise on the continent gives assurance of its staying quality and of the people's disposition toward righteousness in trade relations.

The Minnesota and Wisconsin farmers have avoided the former pitfalls of politics, of class selfishness, of secrecy and of expecting too much. The associations are open to everybody, and one may pay in much or little. They hold out no extravagant promises, but urge the morality and fairness and good will of it more than the saving of money. Among the leading spirits there are men who combine a broad idealism with sober ability, and both of these qualities are necessary in practical affairs. I came directly from my Louisiana winter farm work to attend and help along this conference, and I am coming again in March to go on a mission tour to the annual meetings of the stores. I have never taken part in more encouraging work than this or received a more cordial welcome and hearing. N. O. NELSON.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Conviction of John R. Walsh.

The former president of the defunct Chicago National Bank, John R. Walsh, whose trial in the Federal court has aroused much public interest during the last few weeks, was convicted last Saturday of criminal misapplication of bank funds, the penalty for which is imprisonment and not a fine. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty on fifty-four out of one hundred and fifty counts. To each count is attached a minimum penalty of five years in prison. If the verdict stands through the appeals that will doubtless be taken, the defendant's case is indeed hopeless. From a purely sentimental point of view Mr. Walsh deserves and has won considerable sympathy. The jury was nearly "hung" by the inability of one of its members to rid his mental horizon of its haze of sentimentality until the very last, and to do his sworn duty in properly construing the facts and the law. But from the standpoint of justice Mr. Walsh's conviction serves but to strengthen the fundamental contention that all men, rich or poor, of high or low degree, are alike under the law and should be so treated regardless of circumstances, a contention that, if properly conceived and upheld, makes for social solidity and safety.

This remarkable case ought to have a salutary effect upon those attempts in high places to violate trusts under the delusion that subterfuges are justifiable if one has the advantage of position and reputation.

Thaw Again.

Aside from the rather forced efforts on the part of the sensational press to compel attention to the second Thaw trial by repeating in full the noisome details, appearances indicate a general tendency among the better newspapers to minimize the importance of the case, and to relegate the condensed accounts of it to inconspicuous columns. The public craw got its fill last year. It is to be regretted that Justice Dowling could not see his way clear to sustain Mr. Jerome's motion that young Mrs. Thaw's testimony, if it had to be given over again, be uttered only before those immediately concerned with the trial. The justice held that he could find no warrant under the constitution for excluding the public from a capital case, since the law prescribes "a speedy and public hearing" to a defendant. The defendant is, of course, entitled to his constitutional rights, but public sentiment demands that reports of the trial be confined merely to its general progress and to all possible meagerness of detail.

Chicago Union Traction.

To those who have been looking eagerly for the final working out of the long-pending plans of both interested and disinterested parties for the rehabilitation and reorganization of the derelict properties of the Chicago Union Traction Company, the spectacular move of one or two dissatisfied minority stockholders in one of the underlying companies seems ill-advised and spiteful. Through their attorneys these stockholders have appealed to the Federal Supreme Court at the eleventh hour to prevent the sale of the Union Traction Company properties to the highest bidder on Saturday the 25th inst. Judge Grosscup's order of sale is the final scene of the last act in the complicated traction drama of which Chicago has so long been an unwilling spectator, and means, if it can be carried out, the solution of a difficulty which has been a public burden and a ubiquitous problem since Yerkes fled the town. While the recalcitrants may be within their legal rights—a point which the Supreme Court is to determine Wednesday—their action shows a lack of public spirit and a selfish disregard of the interests of all concerned that meets with general disfavor. An imposing array of counsel for the reorganization is on its way to Washington. Chicago hopes that Judge Grosscup will be sustained, that the reorganization may come into its own, and that the traction ghost will be effectively downed.

Two Cent Fare Unconstitutional.

Announcement has just been made that the State Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that the two-cent railroad fare law, enacted by the last legislature, is unconstitutional. This decision is confirmatory of the findings of the Common Pleas Court of Philadelphia, before which the case was first brought last September by the Pennsylvania Railroad in an injunction suit to restrain the County of Philadelphia from enforcing the act.

Similarly significant is the decision made synchronously with the above by a United States Circuit Court judge in Kansas City, Mo., that the Missouri statute of 1907, forbidding foreign corporations from transferring suits brought against them from the state to the Federal courts under pain of the forfeiture of their charters, is void and unconstitutional.

In his opinion touching the latter decision Judge McPherson deals sharply but skilfully with certain socialistic "States Rights" advocates, whose cheap talk appears to have convinced the 1907 legislators that what was in reality a law confiscatory of property was a legitimate popular demand.

The pendulum is swinging the other way. The hasty and half baked anti-corporation legislation—directed largely against the railroads—which is a matter of recent history, is now being subjected, as it was bound to be, to the tests of constitutionality, practical experience and common sense, and to the cool judgment of impartial and far-seeing interpreters of our fundamental laws. The reaction is inevitable.

Sunday Closing.

That the prosecution of Chicago saloon keepers for failure to observe the Sunday closing law is becoming more and more of a farce is attested by the second mistrial of Hugh Daly. Thus far four jury mistrials have cost the public treasury nearly seven thousand dollars. The state's attorney's office announces that the prosecutions will be continued indefinitely. It almost seems as though there ought to be at least twelve men in Chicago who could be got together on a jury, and who are sufficiently intelligent and patriotic to render a verdict strictly in accordance with the law and the facts. Until one of these cases is so decided Chicago may technically be said to be in a state of revolution—or shall we say devilution? There is a right and a wrong way for the city to go at this question.

Haywood the Socialist.

If it were not for the hordes of people that follow such a man, little harm could be done by the treasonable utterances, the defiance to law and order, the appeals to passion and the vitriolic persiflage of Wm. D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, whose address last Friday in New York City, if correctly reported, clearly shows that his acquittal in Idaho has turned his head. The social damage that Haywood can do unless restrained is considerable, for his notoriety has gained him an immense following wherever he goes, a following that spreads his dangerous propaganda in alarming fashion. P. S. W.

"I tarried there that day; I worshiped there,—
For in that forest God seemed everywhere.
And when the shining day was wholly done,
And twilight's peaceful hours were well begun,
I homeward bore the forest's loving words
That filled my heart like melodies of birds
And seemed God's benediction from above,—
Those woodland gladsome messages of love."

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—It is not so much what we think, or what we say, but what we do, that makes us what we are.

MON.—I am here to do my share of work. I am here to make the world better. I am here to help and aid the world in her efforts for perfection. I am here to think as well as to act. I am here to be myself; to live one day at the time—one life at the time.

TUES.—Onward we march toward a world of rational human beings, where every one will be free to utter frankly his or her thoughts, where men will be brothers, not because they belong to the same church, but because they belong to the human family.

WED.—To him whose eyes are always open and who insists on judging for himself, the world has more able men today than it ever had.

THURS.—He who cultivates the habit of brooding will always find something over which to brood. He who cultivates cheerfulness will always find enough goodness in the world about which to be cheerful.

FRI.—It is better to be in the minority with a worthy comrade than in the majority with scoundrels.

SAT.—One of the essentials of happiness is self-control, another is to do something for some one.

—*From the Writings of O. Leonard, Author of "The New Life," "For the God of All," Etc.*

The Pine

"First a little slender line
Like a mermaid's green eyelash, and then anon
A stem a tower might rest upon,
Standing spear-straight in the waist-deep moss,
Its bony roots stretching around and across,
As if they would tear up earth's breast in their grasp
Ere the storm should uproot them or make them unclasp;
Its cloudy boughs singing as suiteth the pine."
Know you the rapturous tenderness of trees,
Their kindlinesses, their beatitudes?
Go you abroad into the cloistral wood,
And wandering therein, list to the speech
Leaf holds with leaf, and bough with swaying bough,
And bole with massive and majestic bole!
What mellow-sweet tranquility of tone!
What purity and what high heartsomeness!
Were it not well could we transfer to life
A large serenity from the speech of trees?

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Barney Flynn's Partner

The boy stretched the long black stocking and regarded it with satisfaction.

"I'll take it," he said. "How much?"

"Twenty-five cents a pair," Dorothy Winslow answered.

The customer fished out a dime and three pennies and laid them on the counter.

"I'll take just this one," he said.

"But we never break a pair!" Dorothy exclaimed, with some amusement. "Oh," she added sympathetically, as the boy's face fell, "was it—was it for some one with only one leg?"

"It's for my partner. He's got two legs, but he's crippled—just been let out of the hospital. And I'm going to give him a Christmas."

"Oh!" said Dorothy, comprehendingly. "And you wanted the stocking to hang up? I'm sorry, but—wait!" she cried suddenly, as the boy was gathering up his money in disappointment. "I can let you have it, I think. Cash! Cash!"

The little girl who came in response to the summons nodded to the boy, and then sped away to the desk with the quarter that Dorothy substituted for the dime and three pennies.

When the customer had departed, carrying his package, Dorothy contemplated the odd stocking which had come into her possession.

"Well, what an idiot I am!" she murmured. "But why didn't I give him both of them? But of course he wouldn't have taken them—as long as he was paying for only one."

She called the little cash girl again. "Do you know the boy that was here a little while ago?" she asked. "I thought I saw you nod to him."

"Barney Flynn. He lives on the floor above us," "Cash" answered. "With Billy; and Billy got run down by a 'lectric. Barney sees to him."

Customers claimed Dorothy's attention, and for a while she was all hurry and bustle. During the afternoon, however, when the neighboring saleswoman volunteered to watch over her counter for her, she slipped down the aisle to the shirt-waists. She was quite excited for fear that the particular shirt-waist should be gone.

She rummaged a moment in the pile of shirt-waists; then she looked tragically at her friend behind the counter.

"Oh, Peggy, it's gone! I knew it! I knew it! I saw it in that bargain woman's eye!"

She had waited so patiently for that waist to be marked down! It would have just suited her complexion—it had just the right warm, rosy tints.

"Peggy, why did you let it go?" she cried reproachfully.

"Had to, my dear. I did my best—put it at the very bottom of the pile, but she fished it right out."

Dorothy went slowly back to her counter.

"Dick would have liked it, too," she thought, disconsolately. "And now he'll have to see me in just my shabby old one."

It occurred to her that other people probably had Christmas disappointments; and then she thought of Barney Flynn and his partner.

"He's going to hang up that stocking for Billy—and I don't believe he ever had a Christmas for himself in his life," Dorothy meditated. "I know what I bought the odd stocking for—so long as I can't buy myself that lovely waist."

And she felt a glow of enthusiasm as plans began to take shape in her mind. It was almost closing time when the little cash girl came darting up with a message from Peggy.

"She's brought it back—the shirt-waist—sleeves too short. If you want it, better hurry."

Dorthy hesitated. "No, I've changed my mind," she said resolutely. "Tell Peggy I'm much obliged." And she added to herself, "Now, if Dick doesn't like me in my old plaid waist, I guess we'll have to quarrel."

When Dorothy returned to the store the morning after Christmas the little cash girl came running up to her and cried:

"I got it in for you all right, Miss Winslow! I worked it fine. I crep' in in the dark when Billy and Barney were asleep; you couldn't have heard me with an ear-trumpet. And I felt for Billy's stocking, and hung yours alongside. And then I filled 'em both with all the things you'd given me."

"Well," said Dorothy eagerly, "and what happened?"

"Oh, my sakes!" said the child. "All of us on the floor below was waked up that early Christmas mornin'! Such a yellin' and stompin'! You'd like to have thought they'd never had a Christmas!"

Dorothy turned away to hide a smile.

"And Dick was glad to see me just as I was," she thought contentedly.—*The Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

A FRENCH LIFE OF EMERSON.—That popular literary weekly of Geneva, *La Semaine littéraire*, devotes nearly three and a half of the twelve pages of its first issue for the new year to a *"Causerie littéraire,"* with portrait, on Ralph Waldo Emerson apropos of a new French life of our great American seer.*

"It is," says the very sympathetic reviewer, "already a quarter of a century since Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of the noblest incarnations of the spirit, laid aside the fleeting form that clothed him on this earth, to rejoin the great current of the Universal Life, the only reality perhaps in which he never doubted. The sojourn of this demi-god among us was not of short duration; he lived for nearly eighty years, unweariedly speaking and writing, thus scattering abroad in the world with full hands, sowings of that truth which he considered as the essential, or rather the sole indispensable nourishment of humanity. Notwithstanding this, outside of Anglo-Saxon countries very few are familiar with his thought; and while utilitarian, mercantile America roused somewhat at the sound of his voice, and Emersonianism exercised an incalculable influence on numerous English writers of the nineteenth century, few are those even yet in the Latin countries to whom the name of the 'Seer of Concord' suggests anything but the vague image of an incomprehensible, unapproachable mystic.

"Maeterlinck was one of the first to talk of him in France, where we had up to that time only a study of Emerson by Daniel Stern and an article by Emile Montégut. 'He came for many at just the moment when he was needed,' says Maeterlinck, in one of the most beautiful chapters of his *The Treasure of the Humble*, 'at the instant when they were in sore need of new interpretations. Heroic hours are less in evidence, those of renunciation have not yet returned, there remains to us only the life of everyday, and nevertheless we cannot live without dignity. He has put an almost acceptable significance into this life which no longer had any but traditional horizons, and perhaps he has succeeded in showing us that it is strange, profound and great enough to need no other end than itself. He knows no more about it than others, but he is more courageous in his affirmations and he trusts the mystery.'

"Many pages of the Flemish writer show the influence exerted upon him by the American mystic, and it is Maeterlinck, too, who wrote the preface to the Belgian edition of some of the *Essays*, the only portion of Emerson's work that has yet been translated into the French language.

"No doubt this is a little meager for a writer of whom Alcott wrote as early as 1837 that the day would come when the genius of this man would shine beyond the confines of his town and country, and that Emerson's was destined to be the greatest literary name of his time."

So says this Swiss reviewer and continues: "It is strange that this personality, whose contact produced a species of intoxication akin to that which might be induced by some supernatural beverage, should have remained for us so long in the shade. Yet we have great need to quench our thirst at some new springs, and there is scarcely, under the sun, one of more refreshing output than this. Our thanks are due to the woman who has drunk and now shows us the way."

It is naturally less for what it tells about Emerson than for its self-revealing that this Swiss article interests us. I can quote but briefly here and there: "Intelligence, properly speaking, is but a poor guide to the understanding of natures like that of the 'Concord Sage.'" . . . "To feel Emerson one must make his own his intuitive method, abandon oneself like him to inspiration, and lend a ready ear to the suggestions of the spirit. At times also one must impose silence on the demands of the critical faculty and nothing is easier in truth when one is carried away by the surge of this incomparable poetry. The reading of his finest essays, *Self-Reliance, The Over Soul, Character*, put an end to all need of discussion. Does the lover who thrills at the voice of his beloved think of estimating the number and quality of the vibrations of that voice? Something analogous transpires

**Ralph Waldo Emerson, sa vie et son œuvre*, par M. Dugard. Paris: A. Colin.

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between Emerson and his admirers; he is understood only by loving him."

The reviewer goes on to say that Miss Dugard has evidently loved him, yet without permanently abandoning her critical faculty, and goes on to compliment her skillful, tactful and restrained analysis.

The first part of the book is devoted to the life, and here the author or the reviewer—one is not quite sure which—gives a sly dig at Americans. Many of his biographers, we are told, have, with that taste for precise detail characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, made themselves at home with his private life and studied it in the most minute detail. After citing some amusing illustrations, the writer goes on to say: "But these details, while meeting a want of Americans, are scarcely in harmony with the thought of Emerson. To him the material circumstances of the lives of philosophers are so secondary, that they may be said to have no outward biography."

From the Illustrative Emerson citations given, as well as from all that is said of his French biographer and interpreter, it is evident that Emerson lovers will find in this new work, the product of two years' quiet retirement in the peaceful and highly suggestive surroundings of the old city of Sienna, a welcome addition to their Emerson bookshelf.

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